

The Watauga Democrat.

VOL. XXVII

BOONE WATAUGA COUNTY, THURSDAY, September 9, 1915.

NO. 6

The Red Badge of Chivalry

So, again our traditions have been lived up to. Southerners are true to themselves. Womanhood has been protected. Let it not again be said that we will not rise in our glory and might and virtue and just indignation and punish to the last horrible detail when a crime has been committed.

Our women must be protected! Also our mules!

On Tuesday a noble band of patriots, moved solely by the desire for single minded justice—rigorous but necessary—contemptuously handcuffed the lawful officials of Georgia and took from them the prisoner who was even then serving the sentence which the orderly processes of the constitution had said he should suffer, and gallantly hanged him to a tree. The other bands of gallant patriots who assembled to view the work after it had been done, with marked self restraint and virtue, refrained; at the suggestions of prominent citizens, from jumping upon the corpse and gouging out the eyeballs and carrying them off as souvenirs and mementoes of justice triumphant.

Let it be forever known our women shall be protected!

On Wednesday another gallant band assembled in a Southern State and put to death three human beings who were suspected of having poisoned some mules.

Southern chivalry ascendant! Our mules shall be protected!

On Sunday morning, in this good State, which of late years has been all too lax in the duty of administering safe and sane midnight justice, a band of patriotic guardians of the public weal, shot an unaccused man and an innocent little girl for the crime of having let a couple of negro women stop in the house while seeking to escape the justice of the gallant gentlemen who were righteously seeking to administer it.

Our morals shall be protected!

Every barroom bum and brainless scallawag in the State has sworn a mighty oath to do it. Let there be no mistake. The world is on notice. Women, mules and morals are safe in the South.

We are progressive people. We started out by hanging negroes caught red handed in the crime against women. Then we began hanging those who happened to be in the neighborhood when the crime was committed, hanging first and afterwards determining that there was no need of investigation. Mark the progress. Then we began to hang and burn when there was a suspicion that a crime had been committed. Justice shall be done.

Now we don't take the trouble to go at night to execute justice. We go into the court room and dominate that, and when the constitutional processes have said that a prisoner may suffer a life sentence, we take him out and tie a rope into the quivering gash of an unhealed wound and string him up. Also we look after those who are suspicioned of poisoning our mules.

Southern chivalry! Contemptible hypocrisy! Avenge the death of Mary Phagan! Was it that? Only the blind believe it. Every member of the howling mobs that have dogged this case would have seen the little factory girl bedraggled in the ditch of poverty and sin without extending a hand to help her. They would have seen her virtue betrayed and despoiled by any Georgia buck of social standing, then kicked her to the bawdy house and shielded him. But ignorance and passion and prejudice and savagry stirred into the hellish broth of murder and

Wilson—A Principle

Contending with Germany for a principle, asking only that law and civilization prevail, President Woodrow Wilson has won what Chief Justice White declares to be "the greatest diplomatic achievement of the United States in a generation." It is more than a diplomatic victory which has been won by the President in securing from Germany its pledge to keep within the bounds of international law in its submarine warfare, it is a victory for world-wide humanity.

The developments of the past few days have been such as to forecast the position which Germany has now definitely taken, and it comes as the expected. Its pledge to this country is that no longer will passenger ships be sunk without warning and without safety of the lives of non-combatants provided that the liners do not attempt to escape or offer resistance. The formal note from Berlin pledging this has not reached this country, but both oral and written assurances have been given by Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, to Secretary of State Lansing.

This position taken by the German Government, so the Ambassador declares, is that determined upon as its policy before the sinking of the Arabic, and this had been understood by President Wilson, to whom the disaster befalling the Arabic came as a distinct shock. The statement of the German government that before the sinking of that vessel orders had been given its submarine commanders to sink no more passenger ships without warning is regarded as being a disavowal of that act. As the reports are that the submarine which sank the Arabic has been destroyed by a British patrol boat the explanation of its commander as to his actions is buried in the deep.

The position taken by Germany is felt to be in complete compliance with the demands of the United States. It gives to this country every point for which it has been contending: that peaceful merchantmen must not be sunk without warning, or without visit and search and opportunity for non-combatants to escape. Germany's agreement to comply with the demands of the United States is a victory of the most complete kind for President Wilson. Patiently, calmly, the President has dealt with the situation as it arose following the sinking of the Lusitania. Insistently he has pressed the demands of this country upon Germany. "Without cost and at any price"

anarchy plumes itself as Southern chivalry!

One step yet remains in the progressive development of the protection of society and morals and instincts. Let no man of criminal instinct kick our yaller dog. If he does let us "take the law in our own hands" and string him up. Dogs ought to be protected. They must be protected.

Tom Watson is due a special issue of The Jeffersonian telling the patriots just what to do in case their yaller dogs are molested.

And the Thing now called the Mayor of Atlanta is due to make another speech and tell the guardians of public morals how patriotic it would be to hang a governor who exercised the right which their constitution placed in his hands.

The Thing says that Georgia is the leading State in the South—from which bad eminence let all other Southern States draw back.—Monroe Journal.

Moonshine Enterprise

A feature in the news reports of the capture of blockadestills that doubtless has struck the public mind is that in the majority of cases these outlawed plants were located close to a school house or church. This condition of affairs is explained on the supposition that the moonshiners have a crude notion that the vicinity of a church or school house affords a measure of protection from the suspecting eyes of the official raiders. But how are we to explain the processes of reasoning that indicated the shelter of the Temple of Justice, itself, as a refuge for dispensers of the illicit stuff? Yet the Sylvan Valley News last week carried an entertaining story of the discovery of a bar room in the court house at Brevard, Transylvania county. More than that, the saloon was running in full blast while court was in session. In fact, "court week" seemed to have been selected as a time when business would be brisk. The "counter" was located in an alcove just off the court room, while the "dispensary" was hidden in the belfry. There a barrel of liquor was found. "A certain signal given in the alcove," says The News, "would be answered by a lowering of a string through the hole in the trap door when a bottle and the proper amount of coin could be sent up, the bottle to be returned in a few moments filled with whiskey." The plant was accidentally discovered by a workman who had been sent up to repair a leak in the roof, even while "a number of court attendants could be seen with a self-contented look on their faces and a peculiar odor on their breath." The bottles, string and barrel were captured, but the operators were not "ketch'd."—Charlotte Observer.

What the Georgia Outrage Did

The Georgia outrage has done the South more damage than a million dollars in printer's ink can overcome. Before we invite people to the South we must guarantee them protection. Georgia hasn't made good this guarantee.—Everything.

There are 35,000 in the soldiers' homes supported by the government. This is independent of the State homes.

he has declared emphatically he would contend for the rights of the United States and its citizens, and that to "a strict accountability" would be held those who contravened those rights. He has acted for humanity and for civilization, and he has won.

It is a victory for President Wilson of the most conspicuous. It gives him place as the foremost citizen of the world. America can but rejoice and be glad that he is in the White House and humanity can but lift up its head in that it has such a champion. His position buttressed upon right, and justice, and law, and civilization, and humanity, he deserved to win. And having won this distinct victory upon the matter of the principle of warfare at sea we may well feel confident that he will press forward till there is put behind him in honor the other matters which have arisen from the sinking of the Lusitania, the Arabic, and other vessels, and there is a recognition from all nations of the freedom of the seas, and of the rights of neutrals in their commercial dealings with the world. All civilization may well rejoice because of the man who stands as the head of the American people in the great councils of the nations.—News & Observer.

Bleese Right and Wrong

The Landmark has little respect for ex-Gov. Bleese of South Carolina, and usually gives little publicity to what he has to say; but it is today printing some extracts from the ex-Governor's remarks before the Governors' Conference in Boston, to commend what he said about the "third degree" and cruelty to prisoners generally. The inhumane treatment of prisoners have never been given the attention it deserves; and by inhumane treatment is meant cruel treatment; it is not meant that criminals who fall into the hands of the law should be petted and coddled and have better treatment, simply because they are prisoners, than would be given free laborers under like conditions; but it does mean that they should be treated as human beings; not be made so uncomfortable and treated so brutally, simply because they are prisoners, as to impose punishment in addition to that imposed by the confinement and labor required.

The "third degree," which Gov. Bleese properly denounces, means torturing a prisoner to force him to confess or implicate others. The anarchist Holt, whose case Gov. Bleese mentions, was probably either killed or forced to commit suicide by this method of the Dark Ages. And yet newspapers in the cities of the North and West, who pass over the third degree without criticism, are horrified when a lynching occurs in the South. Neither is to be defended, but of the two the lynching is less barbarous. In the latter case the victim's life is usually quickly taken, while death would often be a relief to the tortured victims of the "third degree."

The Landmark has no patience with Gov. Bleese's defence of lynching and it regrets that a man who commends mob law can be elected Governor of a Southern State; but his remarks about the cruelty to prisoners—men presumably under the protection of law—are timely and just.—Statesville Landmark.

City Point a Bad Place

Mr. Ike Hunnicutt returned a few days ago from City Point, Va., where he worked three weeks at carpentry at the Dupont Powder Plant. He made as high as five and a quarter dollars a day.

"Why did you not stay where work was so plentiful and wages so high?" he was asked.

"Would a decent man stay in hell for five dollars a day if he could get out?" asked Mr. Hunnicutt in return.

He says that the devil has that place so securely devoted to his own purposes that he no longer finds it necessary to watch it at all and has gone about his business at other places. Twenty-eight thousand men gathered from all quarters of the earth, two hundred beer saloons, two thousand lewd women, and innumerable gambling houses, are Mr. Hunnicutt's estimates of the devil's devices in that place.

There is neither law nor order there, he says. Even there was for a while a fake court. This court arrested men, fined them, took their money if they had any, and if they had none, remanded them to prison, which was merely an inclosure staked off by ropes. Here they were kept till a big rain set in and everybody then scamped. By and by real officers of the law came along and arrested the whole court outfit. The company put up a building to be used as a chapel, but it was promptly turned into a dance hall and a bawdy house.—Monroe Journal.

What a Real Home Means

There is no picture which touches the hearts of men more closely than the figure of the tired man or woman going home at the end of the day. The fierce heat of the sun has passed, the intense high light of midday has softened into a restful glow, the strain of effort is over and the passion of work has given place to the peace of deserted fields and streets. It was a normal instinct which sent the worker forth, eager and alert, in the morning; it is the response to a deep craving which sends him home at nightfall. The reward of labor is the rest which it achieves and the joy of rest is the sense that it has been earned.

The alternation of day and night is a symbol of the order of life in which work and rest succeed one another in a beautiful and health-giving rhythm. The worker goes out of himself when he takes up his tools; he returns to himself when he lays them down at the end of the day. He pours out his vitality as the water pours out of a hidden spring; if he is a real worker and not a mere drudge, he gives himself in the toil of his hand and his brain, and when night falls his weariness is not mere fatigue of body, it is depletion of vitality. Before he can give himself again he must find himself; and when one goes home he finds himself.

To a vast multitude of men the thought of going home makes the heaviest burdens bearable, the most crushing responsibilities a spur to effort, the most complete surrender of ease and pleasure not a sacrifice, but a price gladly paid for a happiness which is beyond price. The strain of the day is forgotten at the door which opens into the peace of perfect understanding, the pressure of hours and tasks is relaxed by the sound of a voice which is musical with love and faith and peace. In such a homecoming there is not only the supreme reward for the work of the day that is ended; there is also the renewal of the strength and courage for the day that is to bring new strife and toil.

The joy of going home is not in the ease and comfort that are waiting there. It is in the peace that flows from love, the stillness that follows in the tumult of storm, the clear atmosphere in which the dust of the highway is laid and the worker sees again the ends for which he is striving; in the quietness of such a home the toil of life is not only sweetened but its spiritual meaning shines clear again after the confusion of details has vanished. Under the heat and burden of the day the strongest man sometimes wonders if life means anything but prolonged strain of muscle and brain; in the stillness of home its blurred ends, its ultimate achievements, shine like the stars above the highway when the dust has been laid.

The home is not primarily a place for work, but for life; work lies below and beyond it, but the companionship which transforms a house into a home is a sharing of the rewards of work; freedom, repose, refreshment, visions. There are houses full of conveniences and luxuries in which no one is at home; the men and women who live in them are homeless. To such men and women, as to the men and women to whom marriage is a mere social contract and the family a mere social arrangement, there is no going home, no refuge for the spirit, no place of understanding and vision. There are no more pathetic figures in the world of today than these homeless men and women; restless, discontented, and unhappy and utterly blind to the tragedy of a life in which there is no going home.—The Outlook.

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